

**BOB DYLAN REVEALED (2011)**

R/R 1/2

D: Joel Gilbert. Bob Dylan (archival), Mickey Jones, Jerry Wexler, Jack Elliott, Scarlet Rivera, Ruben "Hurricane" Carter. 110 mins. (MVD Visual) 5/11

Gilbert's folk-rockumentary is so compelling and slickly assembled that one barely notices that (doubtless due to rights reasons) not a single note from the profiled artist's enormous oeuvre surfaces on the soundtrack; instead, vaguely Dylanesque instrumental segues and audio beds back the vintage visuals and contempo talking heads. **Bob Dylan Revealed** provides both a chronological and anecdotal overview of the cosmic chameleon's many masks and personae, musical and otherwise. After a relatively brief examination of the early '60s acoustic years that brought young Bob his initial acclaim—with late producer Jerry Wexler supplying key insights and amusing tales—the film lingers longer on the icon's controversial seismic shift to electric rock, a segment aided in no small measure by drummer-turned-actor Mickey Jones' convivial narration and prescient home movies capturing Dylan and entourage at work and play during a 1966 world tour. The doc moves on to chart BD's allegedly greatly exaggerated motorcycle mishap and subsequent C&W interlude, fabled Rolling Thunder Revue, fan-alienating flirtation with Christianity and gospel, equally irritating (to some) dalliance with Judaism (included is a priceless clip of a yarmulked Bob pitching in during a televised Hasidic fundraiser) and his more recent incarnations. On a personal note, yours truly recalls reluctantly attending, way back in the day, the multifaceted troubadour's (accent on dour) 30<sup>th</sup> birthday bash, a dubious street celebration/confrontation combo staged outside Bob's Bleecker Street digs and organized by garbologist/Dylan scholar A.J. Weberman. If memory serves, Bob never acknowledged the throng (he probably wasn't even home), but he's since turned 70 and is still last-laughing all the way to wherever he's at. **BDR** rates as a terrific docu companion to Todd Haynes' imaginative fictional Dylan inquiry *I'm Not There* (VS #67).

**ROCK BOX**

Elsewhere on the rock front: **Brian Eno 1971-1977: The Man Who Fell to Earth**, a detailed look at the wide-ranging innovator; **Derailed** (both MVD), a portrait of manic-depressive "outsider" musician Wild Man Fischer; MPI's **No One Knows About Persian Cats** (Iranian metal rockers); **The Socalled Movie** (Knitting Factory), about the gay Jewish Canadian hip-hop klezmer-cum-world music maestro Socalled (aka Josh Dolgin); and **The Taqwacores** (Strand Releasing), an indie drama set in Buffalo's American Muslim hardcore punk-rock scene.

**BONNIE AND CLYDE VS. DRACULA**

(2008) R/R 1/2

D: Timothy Friend. Tiffany Shepis, Trent Haaga, Russell Friend, Allen Lowman, Anita Cordell, F. Martin Glynn. 91 mins. (Indican Pictures) 4/11

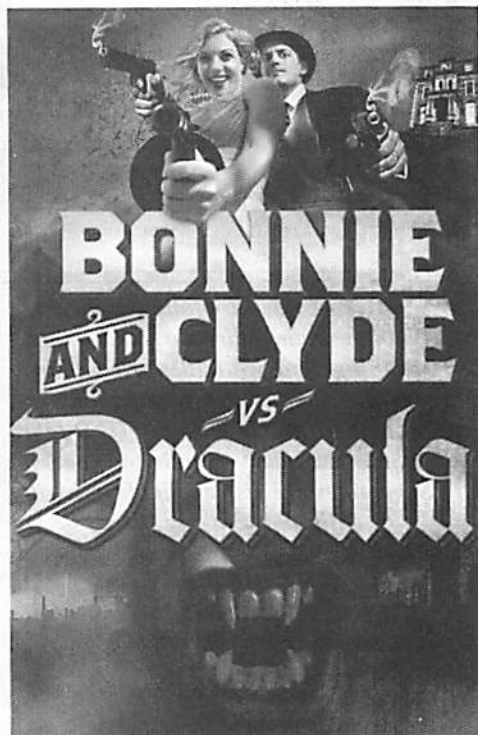
Possibly the highest concept vampire pic to surface since William (One-Shot) Beaudine's infamous *Billy the Kid vs. Dracula*, **Bonnie and Clyde vs. Dracula** emerges as an imaginative low-budget indie that's actually stronger on gangster action than horror elements. Following a clever fakeout opening sequence, writer/director Friend chronicles some of the couple's bloodier capers carried out with their colorful confederates. The two ultimately find their way to a bloodsucker-infested house run by infernal scientist Dr. Loveless (Lowman, in Elephant Man-style headgear), who's succeeded in returning Dracula (Russell Friend) to undead life. Frequent scream queen Shepis is terrific as Clyde's (a solid Haaga) badder half Bonnie, equally adept at kicking and baring ass (her bathtub interlude supplies a shapely highlight) and it's her spirited performance that propels the film through some of its more meandering stretches. **B and C vs. D** is definitely worth a shot for genre hybrid fans looking for a fresh, gory, fang-in-cheek variation on a well-worn theme. Extras include behind-the-scenes footage, trailers and more.

**BROTHERHOOD (2010) R/R 1/2**

D: Will Canon. Jon Foster, Trevor Morgan, Arlen Escarpeta, Lou Taylor Pucci, Jesse Steccato, Jennifer Sipes. 76 mins. (Phase 4) 5/11

A pledge prank goes horribly wrong in Canon's intense, flawlessly staged indictment of frat hazing and misguided group mentalities. It's tough to delve into the storyline without giving too much away; suffice it to say that when "prospects" are pressured into agreeing to commit hit-and-run convenience store robberies, it doesn't take long for the situation to head south. To director Canon and co-writer Doug Simon's credit, the film doesn't proceed in predictable directions as it unfolds over the course of a single chaotic night that sees an initial ill-conceived stunt cause all manner of collateral damage. **Brotherhood** began life as a short, and Simon wisely maintains a lean approach, playing out his story in a white-knuckle 76 minutes. Though some of them appear (and in fact are) a bit overage to be college students, Canon's seasoned ensemble thespys work in perfect synch throughout, recalling the team efforts of Nick Gomez's earlier indies, like *Laws of Gravity* (VS #3), with Morgan a particular standout as the conscience of the group and Sipes memorable as an outraged sorority sister. **Brotherhood** never descends into snarky cheap irony; this is a deadly serious morality tale and a bracing break from the majority of vapid contempo Hollywood films. Extras include the original short, an interesting behind-the-scenes featurette, bonus interviews, and two audio commentaries.

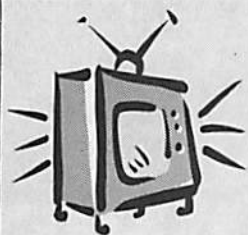
—The Phantom

**CHICAGO OVERCOAT (2009) R/R 1/2**

D: Brian Caunter. Frank Vincent, Kathrine Narducci, Stacy Keach, Danny Goldring, Barret Walz, Armand Assante, Mike Starr. 96 mins. (MTI Home Video) 4/11

**The Sopranos** is a gift that keeps on giving—many members of its large cast have gone on to other projects. Here, fans can see Frank Vincent (Phil Leotardo) and Katherine Narducci (Charmaine Bucco) play down-market Midwest versions of their HBO characters. Vincent is Lou Marazano, an old-time Chicago outfit hit man who currently collects "street tax" from local businesses for its protection rackets. Narducci plays Lorraine Lionello, a waitress in downtown's Italian Village restaurant, as well as Marazano's girlfriend/alibi. Lately, he can really use her ability to lie credibly to homicide detectives. Indicted godfather Stefano D'Agostino (Assante) needs to eliminate witnesses who can link him to union, political and police corruption. This becomes Lou's opportunity to reclaim his former status as a local underworld legend. The elegantly dressed and barbered thug lives in a shabby city apartment. Retired cop Ray Berkowski (Keach) resides in a modest suburban house, but looks like grizzled crap. Despite the young director's enterprise and the stellar support, this is Vincent's picture. This ex-Del Shannon drummer and Scorsese stalwart (*Goodfellas*, *Casino*, et al) receives a well-deserved showcase. He gives us the opportunity to learn how this venal senior copes with life in his amoral metropolis. Of course, this increases the danger that he will be typecast, but what else is he going to play—the Shah of Iran? [For Frank Vincent's perspective, see page 19.]

—Ronald Charles Epstein



# The Phantom of the Movies'

## NEW RELEASE SHELF

New release titles are followed by year, Phantom rating, director, lead actors, running time (with titles released in separate editions, the running time refers to the Unrated version), DVD label and release date (month and year).

Some titles are also available in high-definition Blu-ray Discs.

### RATINGS KEY

♫♫♫♫

Couldn't be better

♫♫♫1/2

Excellent

♫♫♫

Good

♫♫1/2

Not bad; worth watching

♫♫

Mediocre, worthwhile for a particular thesp, director or genre

♫1/2

Poor but may have points of interest

♫

Just plain bad

1/2♫

Even worse than that

0♫

The pits

N/A

Not available on video

N.I.D.

Not in distribution

Special thanks go to Guidance Ro-Man for his ratings symbol suggestion.



posthaste. The target of said correction is political candidate/future important historical figure David Norris (Damon), an impulsive fellow determined to reunite with chance-encounter dream girl Elise (Blunt, actually a fairly annoying character), even if it means dashing his big-time destiny and incurring the wrath of "The Chairman's" CIA-like operatives, led by field boss Richardson (a deft Slattery in a role tailor-made for a somewhat younger Lance Henriksen). The case ultimately becomes so convoluted that top op Thompson (Stamp, looking a far distance from his fair-haired *Billy Budd* days) intervenes, a move that could spell disaster for our protag. Sort of a *Matrix* meets *The Graduate*, with a bit of *Black Swan* tossed in, *The Adjustment Team's* themes of romance vs. ambition, responsibility vs. impulse (as Ro-Man once so eloquently put it, "At what point on the graph do 'must' and 'cannot' meet? I must; yet I cannot.") and predetermination vs. free will are ground into bland swill in the big-budget Hollywood cuisinart. Though filmmaker Nolfi is a veteran scenarist (*Ocean's Twelve*, *The Bourne Ultimatum*) making his directorial debut, his plot-hole-happy script descends to the risible with some classic exchanges between David and Harry. *The Adjustment Team* might have worked better had the producers abandoned all hope midway through and proceeded with a sense of over-the-top satirical fun in a *Men in Black* vein, but the flick stubbornly attempts to maintain a straight face right to the bitter end, challenging the game efforts of its normally sure-handed thesp.



David (Gosling) takes up with middle-class Katie McCarthy (Dunst) and opens a health-food store (the titular *All Good Things*) in rural Vermont. Those idyllic days soon end when David, who blames his cold-fish father for provoking his mother's suicide many years before, agrees to work for the old man collecting rents from some of the family's more unsavory tenants. David's deeply sociopathic nature expands with age as he targets increasingly independent spouse Katie as his enemy. While unanswered questions and gaps abound, Jarecki's account of this bizarre case, one that leads to additional violent deaths decades later, is never less than compelling. NYC-area *Scope* readers should find further enjoyment in the vintage footage showing *Taxi Driver*-era Times Square in all its scuzzy glory. For reasons not fully fathomable, *All Good Things* was pulled back from its planned 2009 wide release and relegated to a skimpy theatrical run in December 2010. Fans of taut true-life thrillers will want to catch up with its digital rebirth. Robert Durst, meanwhile, somewhat creepily shares a commentary track with director Jarecki, rather unemotionally confirming or denying the events depicted on screen, registering real vehemence only over the pic's assertion that he killed his beloved dog. Copious extras include multiple making-of and background featurettes, deleted scenes, and a second filmmakers commentary track.

### THE ADJUSTMENT BUREAU (2011)

♫1/2

D: George Nolfi. Matt Damon, Emily Blunt, Anthony Mackie, Terence Stamp, John Slattery, Michael Kelly. 106 mins. (Universal Studios) 6/11

What begins as an intriguing philosophical fantasy drawn from the Philip K. Dick short story *The Adjustment Team* eventually devolves into a ludicrous series of madcap Matt in the Hat chases that finds our hero, ballerina babe Blunt in tow, ducking in and out of *Inception*-style locales with a squad of Keystone Angels on his heels. To backtrack a bit, our story opens with a temporal error inadvertently caused by celestial agent Harry (Mackie) that will radically alter the course of a divinely planned future if it's not corrected

### ALL GOOD THINGS (2010)♫♫♫

D: Andrew Jarecki. Ryan Gosling, Kirsten Dunst, Frank Langella, Philip Baker Hall, Lily Rabe, Michael Esper. 101 mins. (Magnolia Home Entertainment) 3/11

Like Barbet Schroeder's excellent Klaus von Bulow caper *Reversal of Fortune*, veteran documentarian (*Capturing the Friedmans*) Jarecki's similarly fact-inspired *All Good Things* deals with strongly suspected murder among Manhattan's movers and shakers, in this case allegedly perpetrated by Robert Durst, herein rechristened David Marks, unbalanced son of mega-wealthy Times Square real-estate developer and porn-emporium slumlord Sanford Marks (Langella). Our tale begins on a high note when filthy-rich young maverick